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OLD MAID.

As I was fond of the practice of rising early, the next morning I determined to stroll round my aunt's grounds, and was astonished at perceiving a long building at the extremity of them, which, though perfectly neat, had the appearance of an *alms-house.* It was surrounded by a large court, covered with gravel, in which near thirty female children were playing at ball, in whose countenances health and happiness were depictured; whilst two elderly women were knitting, and watching their sports. From the children all wearing one dress, I concluded it was an institution of the charitable kind, and curiosity induced me to enquire of one of the matrons, who had established, and what was the design of the school.

"You must be a stranger in this part of the world, indeed, Sir," replied the old woman, placing a pair of spectacles before her eyes, "not to have heard of *Madam Darlington's benevolence*; for all the whole country rings with her praise." My heart bounded with delight at the very name of *Darlington,* and I felt an emotion difficult to describe; yet I determined to satisfy my curiosity respecting the *whole character of this dear relation,* without letting my informer know how nearly we were allied. I knew that my aunt had inherited a large fortune from her father, to which her success in the lottery had added ten thousand pounds; and the latter sum I now found had been entirely devoted to the erecting and support of this interesting school. Five-and-twenty girls received a useful education; and five of them were every year put out to some trade; twenty pounds were given with them to their mistress, or laid by for those who rather preferred being ladies maids. Four of the elder girls alternately waited upon the younger ones, and arranged the domestic concerns of the house; assisted in washing the smaller parts of the linen, and by this means became acquainted with different kinds of work. They were taught *writing, cyphering,* and every branch of *needle-work;* and every article of the childrens' cloathing was made in the school. The little ones were employed in knitting stockings for the elder. In short, nothing could be more perfect than the whole plan of the school. My communicative informer likewise acquainted me, that the benevolence of my aunt Deborah was not confined to *youth;* for every distressed family in the neighbourhood participated in her *bounty,* and acknowledged her *worth.*

As I approached the abode of this amiable woman, every feeling of my nature seemed to expand with emotions of delight, and I fancied myself going to appear before a *being of superior* order, so strong was the effect which her virtues had produced upon my mind. Her invalid friend was not able to appear at breakfast, and we were left to enjoy a *tete a tete* meal, when, after a few common remarks and interrogations, Mrs. Darlington addressed me in the following style:

"I am very much flattered, my dear Charles, by your ready compliance with my wishes, and not a little gratified at finding you a being so far superior to what I had reason to expect; for from what I saw of you when a child, I had formed a different opinion of you; though I *then knew* that nature had blessed you with an excellent share of sense. You are no stranger to my having wished to superintend your education; but, by the artful suggestions of an interested woman, my proposal was refused; and I had no idea that a school education, unaided by parental solicitude, could have been attended with the advantages I perceive. Though your poor father possessed a thousand amiable qualifications, they were obscured by *a natural indolence of mind;* and I apprehended that the want of parental exertion would prove detrimental to the happiness of his child. Our acquaintance, it is true, is short, but I was delighted with those sentiments which I heard uttered by you last night; and if you can be happy in the society of an old woman, you must henceforth look upon this house as your home. Yet do not suppose I mean you to live a *life* of *indolence;* some pursuit is absolutely necessary for youth; I therefore wish you to make choice of the *church,* the *law,* or the *army;* and whatever selection you make, I will forward your pursuits. If the former should meet your approbation, the clergyman of this parish is a man most capable of forwarding and promoting your designs; and when he thinks you are sufficiently informed to be sent to the university, I shall still have the pleasure of supplying all your wants. The return which I shall expect for this proof of my affection, will be that *confidence* with which a parent has a right to be treated by a son. I know that young men are exposed to a variety of temptations; and as I do not hope to find *perfection* in *human nature,* I can pardon every thing but *deceit.* Whatever are your follies, make *me* acquainted with them; for though I may *condemn them,* I shall never be *severe.* Take time to reflect upon the different pursuits I have mentioned, and let me have your determination in the course of a few days."

I was so struck by the unexpected kindness of this dear woman, that I was incapable of making a proper reply; I embraced her hand, however, with filial affection, and assured her, I would endeavour to render myself worthy of her tenderness and regard. I had merely thought of the army, as the only resource for a *needy adventurer,* and had always felt a preference for the church; it therefore required very little time for reflection, and my aunt seemed delighted with the choice I had made. Her preference to this profession was occasioned by her having formed an early attachment to a clergyman, whose sudden death, on the eve of their marriage, she still regretted and deplored; and, to evince the strength of her attachment to his memory, she determined to preserve the title of *an old maid.*

(to be continued.)

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes; then we feel not the want of the consolations of Religion; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow or sickness, or old age comes up-

on us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of Religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such an one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; and feebly attempting to retain them while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasps! To such an one, gloomily indeed does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look back with complacency nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh: while his strength declines and his faculties decay he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim, perhaps, and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, "*to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.*"

[*The Hive.*

PICTURE OF SENSUAL LOVE.

Damon has upright intentions; he is deeply smitten and sincerely in love with Phyllis; this may be easily seen by the description he gives of her accomplishments. One thing is yet wanting; he mentions nothing concerning her virtue or morals, her temper or behaviour: but these are not the objects of his love; she is endued with a grace and attraction that enchant him; she is full of sprightliness and humour; that is enough for him; he knows no greater happiness than that of possessing her. Lighted and illuminated by her sparkling eyes, he is in raptures; absent from her, he languishes, and is consumed with cares. Would you think that this eagerness and ardour are nothing less than love? Damon does not suspect it; he thinks really that he is deeply in love with her. But you may easily perceive whence his error proceeds; that which he takes for love, is only sensuality.

PICTURE OF TRUE LOVE.

Clara is young, handsome, and virtuous. Corydon is about the same age with her, genteely made, brave, witty, and well behaved. They saw each other at a neighbour's; they immediately, by a powerful charm, as it were, fixed their eyes and minds upon one another. The hour of departing soon came; they saluted each other respectfully, and spoke some obliging things. Three days passed before they met again. Corydon became bolder, and ventured to enter into discourse with her: he had before only a glimpse of her virtues; he now saw the beauties of her mind, the honesty of her heart, and the simplicity of her manners. He was sensible of the love he had for her, and did not despair of one day calling her his own. He declared his passion to her in these words: "Amiable Clara! the sentiment which attaches me to you, is not mere esteem: it is love, the most lively, and the most ardent love. I find I cannot live without you. Could you, without reluctancy, resolve to make me happy?"

A coquette would have affected anger at such a declaration as this. Clara heard her lover without interrupting him; answered him with good-nature, and permitted him to hope. She did not even put his constancy to a long trial. The happiness for which he longed was only deferred till they could make the necessary preparations. The articles of the contract were easily settled between the parties: interest had no share in it; the chief thing was the mutual gift of their hearts, and that condition was fulfilled before hand. What will be the fate of this new married pair? The happiest that mortals can find on earth. No pleasure is to be compared with those which affect the heart, and there is none which affects it so agreeably, as the bliss of loving and being beloved.

A.

On Judging from Appearances.

We know almost every thing rather by its accidental than its essential qualities, and therefore are so often deceived by appearances, and so often encourage appearances to deceive us. The keen man at play sinks his winnings, and magnifies his losings, and practises twenty other little artifices, which, though not essential to his character as a keen man at play, are yet the only marks by which that character is generally known; the shrewd jockey is continually making mysteries when there is nothing to conceal; the politician looks important upon the most trivial occasions; and almost every man expresses his particular trade and profession by some insignificant peculiarity in his dress, manner, or dialect: even the man of sense and knowledge will probably talk in terms of art, and join with his sense and knowledge some kind of cant or pedantry. Now, if we were to suppose some strange man to rise up who should fully possess any excellence without its common, but useless, appurtenances, by how many, think you, and how soon, would he be found out? It is so long since Truth went naked, that she is now known only by her clothes.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

COMMUNICATION.

This season of the year being extremely fatal to children, as such numbers of them has been swept away by the flux and cholera, or vomiting and purging, has induced me to solicit the publication of the following remedy for the cure of the above disease:—Oil of Pennyroyal, two drops to a table spoonful of molasses, syrup or honey, after being well stirred up let one tea spoonful be administered every hour until it has the desired effect, which from experience, I can with safety assure the public, will be found in every case of the above disorder to be a speedy and certain cure.——For a grown person the dose may be doubled, and given in the same manner.

AN OLD LADY.

Last Sunday, (says the Augusta Chronicle) some negro fellows killed a RATTLE SNAKE, within a few miles of this city, on the Savannah road—it measured seven feet, exclusive of the rattles, and was upwards of twelve inches in circumference—it was an *Old Serpent*, being twenty years of age. Mr. Chatfield, who has got the skin, intends making a present of it, we understand, to the University at Athens.

Providence compared to an Indulgent Mother.

See a fond mother encircled by her children; with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with ma-

ternal love. One she kisses on its cheek, and clasps another to her bosom; one she sets upon her knee, and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while by their actions, their lisping words and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look, and a word to those; and whether she smiles or frowns, it is all in tender love. Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is Providence; so it watches over us; comforting these, providing for those, listening to all, and assisting every one; and if sometimes it denies the favor we implore, it denies but to invite our most earnest prayers, or if seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in the refusal.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

ON PREJUDICE.

Prejudice and *lunacy* have certainly very different *causes*, but I think in *effect* they are the same. The madman will talk rationally on all subjects, except that which has a particular connection with his malady; and the prejudiced man will talk irrationally on the subject that is connected with his prejudice; so that, if I must distinguish prejudice from lunacy, I can only say, that prejudice is a perversion of the understanding, which is more difficult to be cured.

Ibid.

DR. PITCAIRN.

When degrees were held in higher estimation, and therefore more coveted, than at present, Pitcairn, then at Edinburgh, in order to affront a Dutch University, where himself had graduated, and degrees had been much prostituted, sent for a diploma for his *valet*, which being granted, he sent for another, for his *horse;* to which last request the Rector Magnificus replied, that, with a view to oblige him, they had consulted their records for a precedent, but they could not find one, though under the name Pitcairn, it appeared that the university *once* conferred an *honorary* degree on an *ass*.

Ibid.

ON DRESS.

I have often thought that though dress may justly be called a trivial thing in itself, yet, that it deserved more the consideration of a philosopher than is generally imagined, as being no inconsiderable or unfaithful index of the mind. Those who see accurately, will certainly discover a connection between many particulars in a man's dress and his peculiar disposition, temper, and turn of thought, supposing his dress to be the choice of his own taste, and that he has not implicitly conformed to the manner of others, which must be first well considered; and, after all, a great variety of particulars must be examined, before a certain judgment can be made; for there is such a thing as being above dress, (in general or particular,) and being equal to it, and being below it. However, a discerning eye will very often discover strong indications of character in dress; and it seems as if the same principle that directs a man in the cloathing of his body, directs him also in the furnishing not only his house, but his mind.

A.

ON SLAVERY.

It is impossible, in the nature of things, that *liberty* can be *bought* or *sold!* It is neither *saleable*, nor *purchaseable*. For if any one man can have an absolute property in the liberty of another, or, in other words, if he, who is called a *master*, can have a *just* right to command the actions of him, who is called a *slave*, it is evident that the latter cannot be accountable for those crimes, which the former may order him to commit. Now as every reasonable being is accountable for his actions, it is evident, that such a right cannot *justly* exist, and that human liberty, of course, is beyond the possibility either of *sale* or *purchase*. Add to this, that, whenever you sell the liberty of a man, you have the power only of alluding to the *body:* the *mind* cannot be confined or bound: it will be free, though its mansion be beset with chains. But if, in every sale of the *human species*, you are under the necessity of considering your slave in this abstracted light; of alluding only to the body, and of making no allusion to the mind! you are under the necessity also of treating him, in the same moment, as a *brute*, and of abusing therefore that nature, which cannot otherwise be considered, than in the double capacity of *soul* and *body*.*

* See Clarkson's Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species, lately published by Nathaniel Wiley, and now for sale at his Book-store, at the South-west corner of Market and Third-streets.

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. MATT. xxiii. 8.

I have for some years past conceived it to be best for me to withdraw from the policy of men, and to join none of their associations for promoting this or the other party; fully believing that the kingdom is set up which Daniel foresaw would "break to pieces and consume" all the kingdoms, and stand forever. As I profess to be an advocate for this kingdom only, I am not free to have any hand in setting up or pulling down any other. I consider all mankind as one family.—I know of no real distinction amongst men, but that of just and unjust; and it will appear at the great day of final decision, that there is no other.—We shall all be numbered with the sheep on the right hand, or with the goats on the left; nation, sect, or colour, will then be blended. "As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations." And the Prince of Peace shall "have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." When "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of ou Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever." But many who pretend to believe in the coming of the glorious reign which is so abundantly set forth in the Scriptures of Truth, say, that the time is not yet come. Now, I believe that it has come; the reign has commenced long since; but that the people will not give up their crowns, will not submit to this government, because they cannot do it and retain those things in which their carnal minds delight; the cross is in the way. They expect that some miraculous manifestation of power will be displayed, that will convince all and compel all:—They always view it at a distance: their expectation is outward, like that of the Jews, who are looking for a triumphant Messiah; while it remaineth to be an important truth, as Christ himself has declared, that the kingdom of Heaven is within,* and has been, and is enjoyed by many, to their unutterable consolation, in this and preceding generations; while those that are without, are tossed upon the unstable ocean of human policy, where the potsherds of the earth clash together.

I have several times been called upon

* *See Luke xvii.* 21.

to give my suffrage to candidates for offices in government, which I have declined. The specious arguments used to prevail upon me, have been, that we must put in good men, and keep the bad out of office; that if the wicked get the reins of government into their hands, it will be hard times for the good. All this does not move me, for I sincerely believe, that "the Lord hath established his throne in the Heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all;" and that "the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;" it may for a season, for purposes best known to Infinite Wisdom, be permitted to fall upon a nation, among whom there may be many righteous; but I solemnly believe, it never did, or ever will, *rest* upon any people, until they have, by their iniquities, prepared themselves for it; when they refuse "the waters of Shiloah, that go softly," then the Lord bringeth upon them the rapid "waters of the river strong and many," like unto the king of Assyria, who was suffered to go over Judah for the chastisement of that people.

THE RECLUSE.

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

LINES,

Addressed to a Daughter, lately placed at West-Town Boarding-school.

DEAR Sarah thou art placed where,
Thou wilt not need my daily care;
With fathers kind, and tender mothers,
Lovely sisters, and with brothers;
Who all as one great family,
Unite in sweetest harmony.
Now thou can'st breathe the balmy air,
Mid academic groves so fair.
Each morning bright and sober eve,
Thy daily studies thou may'st leave;
And on the sweet enclosed green
With many a sprightly nymph convene;
In playful gambols beat the ground,
Or in the Garden's ample round,
Link'd arm in arm with some choice mate,
May'st walk, and with much freedom prate:
And eye the peach-trees in a row,
Whose fruit displays a goodly show.
O sweet retreat from noise and care,
From fashion and the Fowler's snare;
From Vice,.....contagion of the town,
Which daily sweeps such numbers down
The broad descent. Now may the Power,
That kept thee from thy natal hour,
Preserve thee safe unto the end,
So prays thy father and thy friend.

Philadel. 8th mo. 24th, 1804. HESYCHASTES.

LOVE.

"O think'st thou we shall ever meet again
I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come."
SHAKESPEARE.

SON of Venus, child of May
The reason pray explain,
Why, when thy pleasures haste away,
Thy tortures still remain?
Little, wily, wanton boy,
Take the pain, or leave the joy.

Yet if thou wilt not separate
Thy gifts of bliss and woe,
Rather than lose thy pleasures great,
I'll bear thy tortures too:
Yes, yes, thy keenest pangs I'll prove,
Sooner than lose one grain of love.

Must I abstain from soft repose.
Lest mournful dreams appear?
Must I reject the ruddy rose
Because its thorn is near?
No, no—sad dreams are cheer'd by morn;
And sweetness crowns the rose's thorn.

MUSIPHILUS.

ON HOWARD; THE PHILANTHROPIST.

.....

"Ye Great! who give to riot's crew your days,
Bury'd in Pleasure's fascinating maze;
Plung'd deep in scenes where gaiety is found,
Where mirth and wine's convivial joys abound;
Where undulating beauty leads the ball,
And sports along the decorated hall;
Seduction's wiles and sly Intrigue prevail,
And mask'd Deception tells her artful tale;
Where base Adult'ry, with her serpent smiles,
Into her net the yielding fair beguiles;
Instructs her to desert a husband's arms,
And madly riot in unhallow'd charms;
Condemns her to the blush of ceaseless shame,
And gives to Infamy her tainted name;
Where half-rob'd syrens, with a leering eye,
And song of soul-dissolving melody,
And whisper sweet as honey-scented breeze,
And the voluptuous couch of downy ease;
And kiss, that rouses ev'ry wild desire,
That kindles in the soul tumultuous fire;
With all the wanton Cupid's luring charms,
Tempt you to feast "on Love's delicious harms:"
Oh! fly from tortur'd Appetite's excess,
And view with me the mansion of Distress!
"View with a transient glance (I ask no more)
Yon grated prison. See, the massy door,
Op'ning with jarring hinges, shews the cell,
The darksome cavern where the wretched dwell;
Where yon poor haggard convict lies forlorn,
His mind with guilt oppress'd, his body worn
With galling manacles and pond'rous chains,
With stiff'ning cramps and agonizing pains.
No ray of light, no sun, no moon appears,
No "*human face divine*" his bosom cheers.
Stretch'd like a lifeless corse on the cold ground,
He wildly throws his ghastly eyes around,
Attempts a pray'r—His trembling lips deny
Their feeble aid, he only breathes a sigh.
Already death seems hov'ring in the gloom,
As if prepar'd t' anticipate his doom.
And is there for this wretch no pity near?
Cannot he claim Compassion's lenient tear?
Does she his suff'rings in his crime forget,
And coldly leave him to his hopeless fate?
Ah! no:—She hears his groans, she feels his grief,
She bids a HOWARD fly to his relief:
He comes, the balm of comfort in his hand,
With "*healing in his wings*," at her command.
"From false, intoxicating bliss he hies,
From Circe's charms and Bacchus' bowl he flies,
And seeks the cheerless dungeon of despair,
Where shrieks and dismal yells invade the ear;
Where Famine, Mis'ry, racking Torture reign,
And pale Disease with her malignant train;
Where the stern tyrant's mandate points the steel,
And sickness blasts the hand that strives to heal:
Unheard-of goodness! Charity divine!
Which knows no bound, no circumscribing line;
But in each drear recess defies the death
Wafted from foul Contagion's noisome breath.
See yon grim spectre stalking sad and slow,
Pain, with distorted visage, Grief and Woe;
See Guilt, with look averted, haste along
Th' infected ground, and mingle in the throng,
Behold that squalid figure, meagre, wan,
Stretch her polluted hand o'er wretched man;
See how she rears a deleterious bowl;
Her eyes with unrelenting fury roll;
Her drink of secret deadly herbs is made,
Of hellebore, and all the venom of the shade;
The Upas by her putrid breath is fann'd,
She growls a curse and desolates the land.
O'er the world's lengthen'd plain her course she bends,
To the remotest verge her blast extends;
Her baleful touch lurks in the crowded sail,
Which bears to distant climes th' envenom'd gale.
See, Philadelphia feels her poison'd breath,
Her sons inhale the pestilential death.
The frequent hearse now rumbles o'er the ground
To the capp'd knell, a heart-appalling sound;
With silent step the mourners move along,
Soon, soon to join the cold sepulchral throng.
The fond embraces of a father doom
Filial affection to a yawning tomb;
In a last kiss the poison is convey'd
Which sends a blooming daughter to the shade.
The subtle and contaminated breeze
Swells the deep Golgotha, like Gideon's fleece;
Scarce was the dread destroying angel's hand
A more consuming pest upon the land.

(To be continued.)